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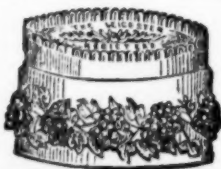
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4

THE CITY JACKDAW.

JUNE 30, 1870.

THE L. P. P.



THE L. P. P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V. C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required. The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if inquired for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VICCARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 188.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TOWN HALL SILHOUETTES.

SIR JOSEPH HERON.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

WE had intended reserving the Town Clerk as a "bonne bouche" until towards the completion of our Silhouettes series, but the debate in the House of Commons, on Wednesday week, on Mr. Chamberlain's motion for the extension of the hours of polling in boroughs, has precipitated our decision. One of the newspapers described the debate as being fought out over Sir Joseph Heron—not, of course, over the prostrate form of the Town Clerk, but over the Town Clerk as the weightiest witness against, and the gravest critic of, the scheme of the member for Birmingham. Upon this question Sir Joseph had said what he thought, irrespective of party politics or social diversities. He never was a red-hot partisan of either Whig or Tory, and never a respecter of persons to such an extent as to favour—in the discharge of a public function—a thriving merchant as against a thriving chimney sweep. Nevertheless, Mr. Chamberlain commented upon the Town Clerk's sentiments as, in effect, those of an official red-tapist, clad in tight stays, and in the hoops and farthingales of old-world ideas. Now we, in Manchester, who know a little about the Town Clerk, decline to listen to this diagnosis of his character by young Birmingham. That brisk Midland municipality has its good points, but is is very aggressive—its police cannot manage a crowd, nor its fire brigade extinguish a fire, but it is very soon put out itself. It is rather one-sided—perhaps the right side, nevertheless—and in Mr. Chamberlain it has a champion upon whose cock-a-doodle-dooism it can always rely. Birmingham relies upon Chamberlain as Nottingham did, in a different line of action, upon Bendigo.

In effect, however, the Chamberlain commentaries the other week but illustrate and epitomise the influence of the Town Clerk of Manchester far beyond the boundaries of this city itself. We may even say that the Town Clerk of Manchester is a power in the State, in that department of it, at all events, which has to deal with the internal economy of the country, as expressed in its local government. As well known in St. James Street or Whitehall or the lobbies of "the House" as in Albert Square or Higher Broughton—having reduced Parliamentary evidence-giving to a science, so that even the great Sir Edmund is aware that he cannot carry out with Sir Joseph that programme of the giant, which consisted in the grinding of bones for bread, it is not wonderful, when the Town Clerk speaks his mind upon a public question—more especially upon a matter within his official orbit—that honourable gentlemen should pause, and listen, and discuss.

But whether Sir Joseph Heron be powerful in Westminster or not, his influence in Manchester cannot be gainsayed; indeed, the influence of a man less favoured as to ability and personableness than he, must have been considerable, after so long a period; but, with an all-round man like the Town Clerk, that influence can scarcely be measured, either as to extent or effect. Manchester was, of course, even prior to its incorporation, a growing town; but its expansion in all respects since—though not solely, or even perhaps mainly, the result of its municipal enfranchisement—has been marvellous. The Town Clerk has run alongside on the towing-path ever since. Nominally, a Corporation officer simply, he has been "in at" most other things which have interested this community—not always visible, but always there, or thereabouts. Occasionally he has been debited with items not properly his—and this attribution of influence always amuses him very much. If you were to tell some men that the Town Clerk had a voice in the Cathedral Chapter, and was, in effect, a sort of lay canon; or that he made out Mr. Charles

Hallé's programmes; or that, some years ago, he returned Mr. James, Q.C., to Parliament, in order to spite Mr. William Sale, they would implicitly believe you. Similarly it is—in many Manchester circles—an article of faith that the Town Clerk rules the City Council absolutely. To what extent this idea may square with reality, his Worship the Mayor, or Mr. Bennett, or Mr. Warburton, or Mr. Stewart, can testify; they are all of them personages so easily ruled and so extremely tractable, that their evidence might not have much value—still, we should like to hear it. To us it has always seemed that the role which we now and then get pictured as in the hands of the Town Clerk, is much more like a shepherd's crook. He feeds the Council with a shepherd's care, and not like Mrs. Squeers, with brimstone and treacle—the brimstone leading. The Town Clerk is not a Cagliostro or a mesmerist—the means he uses for licking the novices into shape are quite legitimate and simple. A refractory Councillor does not need the Town Clerk's guidance necessarily; because his fellows gather round him very often in a ruck, and compress him into reasonableness; having learnt themselves, they desire to teach others.

The Town Clerk glides from one committee to another to give his advice when he (not they) fancies they need it. How he keeps himself informed of what is in the wind, is a secret which we suppose will die with him; but his information is unerring; for every man jack in the Town Hall staff is the willing adjutant of this popular chief. Councillors may come and Councillors may go, but the Town Clerk flows on always. Each gentleman in the Council feels safer when the Town Clerk is about;—this is especially so at the monthly Council meetings. It would be strange were it otherwise. Forty years long he has been dealing with that generation, and he knows that if they have not erred in their hearts—yet that their heads have a fatal tendency for getting awry. A temper that still remains pretty equal after all this experience must not have been bad to begin with. Sir Joseph's temper is not always like a summer sea; it breaks occasionally into billows—but is rarely lashed into foam. Animal violentness or roughness forms no weapon in his armoury—neither is he bitter or scathingly sarcastic. He will flash a lime-light of fun upon a dark place; but verbal vitriol throwing never; on the contrary—after a shindy in the Council in which he has been engaged, he will refer in a tone of sad kindness to the unkindest opponent. Sir Joseph gets through his multifarious duties without any hurry-scurry. Neither does he ever deal in superlatives, unless when desecrating upon feminine beauty, when superlatives escape him like a flight of swallows, and they wheel and skim over our heads with amazing swiftness. Peradventure a tale may hang upon those superlatives, or an interrogatory, in respect of the solitary domestic life of this good-looking amiable gentleman. Long have the summer swallows darted from the eaves, and launched themselves like sailers into the air, and not one has remained with this superlative admirer. To our hero's home the swallows did not fly. Either he was embarrassed with choice and never asked them, or he thought that next summer they would be plumper, or that he might some day go to Algiers and see the swallows under a sunnier sky. Enough; the Town Clerk's escutcheon, carved and emblazoned on the walls and windows in Albert Square, has known no quartering with a gentler shield. He came back scatheless from the blandishments of even Transatlantic syrens; but if the beauties of the West had held on to Sir Joseph, there would have been, on the part of the British ladies at least, a difficulty with the United States. For the United Kingdom, the dictum that whilst there is life there is hope is always consolatory, and so the swallows still gyrate and the superlatives of the Town Clerk darken the circumambient air. But if the Manchester people could only have a chance of ringing marriage bells for their favourite, what a clangour of uproarious joy—music there would be!

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PEDESTRIAN TOURIST.

No. 3.

THE road to Dinas winds along the margin of Bala Lake, for some considerable distance, before ascending towards the Pass. The views of the lake and surrounding country from portions of the road, near the beginning of the ascent, are very sweet and pretty; but, in my opinion, the immediate neighbourhood of Bala, like all comparatively tame scenery, needs bright and sunny weather, to impress the spectator favourably. Fortunately the sun shone till we had seen almost the last of the lake, and were well among the hills that guard the northern end of the Pass. The ground then began to rise rapidly, but the summit of Bwyleh-y-Groes is lofty, and the climb was long, as well as tolerably steep. For a considerable distance, the hills, which are here of no great height, continued to exhibit rounded outlines, with an absence of romantic features; but when, at last, we reached the Pass, and began to descend towards Dinas, the grandeur of the scenery became sublime. The wide and deep valley, the rugged and towering mountains, that lay on either side, beneath the stern grey sky, formed a picture of gigantic dimensions and wonderful power. Of all the mountain passes that I know, the Pass of the Cross is the most stupendous in its width and altitude; and, more than any other, gives the idea of grandeur on a vaster scale, loneliness more absolute, and space more extended.

How deep, and yet how eloquent, the utter stillness of these mountain scenes! The misty vapour drives overhead, or rolls about the crest of the hills, without a murmur of the wind that hurries it. Scarcely the whistle of some lonely bird, or the cry of a far-off sheep, breaks the deep calm of Nature's most majestic mood!

But the silence of the hills often ends in an inward outcry; and, by the time we touched level earth again, we had abundant internal evidence that dinner-time was past. Dinas was still some miles distant; and we had almost concluded that our chances of a dinner were in the same paulo-post-future tense, when we came upon a small roadside "pub." The landlord, a rough but goodnatured sort of fellow, set before us a mighty loaf, the best part of a cheese, and I dare not say how many successive supplies of beer. We did such justice to his plain but welcome fare that I have never believed that the charge he made was an equivalent for the stores consumed.

It was well on in the afternoon when we got to Dinas. A squalid, most unwholesome looking place we thought it. We stayed at the first inn we came to, the "Goat." The landlord did his best to make us comfortable, but, in such a place, the best is but indifferent. We left our room after tea, and sat with mine host in the bar, beside a roaring fire, and listened to his country talk, and rambling stories of Mad Mytton and Sir Edmund Buckley. We were not, however, sorry to leave Dinas behind us on the following morning, and push along the road in the direction of Dolgelly.

And now, for the first time, the waterproof qualities of our macintoshes and knapsacks were tested to the uttermost degree. The early morning (fatal sign!) was bright and sunny; but soon the clouds began to gather, and then to break; and, at about eleven o'clock, the rain, which had been falling steadily for some time, suddenly began to stream down in an almost conglomerate flood. I do not know when, if ever, before or since, I saw such rain! We took refuge under a tree for a moment; and then, knowing that we were not far from the Cross Foxes Inn, we made a run for it. A few moments more, and we dashed into the doorway of the hostelry, with streaming waterproofs, and saturated caps; our boots completely soaked; and, as we afterwards learned, the contents of our knapsacks reached, though fortunately only just so. A good fire was burning in the kitchen, and we sat before it for some time, and dried the wetted portion of our clothing; talking, or rather listening, meanwhile, to a curious oddity who was staying at the inn, and who interested himself much in our misfortunes. He told us that he was a native of those parts, had qualified himself to practise medicine, and had had "travels, troubles, and other amusements" in Australia. He had but one arm, a look of mingled stealth and merriment; and conversed in a wild and reckless manner of his life. On our invitation, he dined with us; and then, as the rain had ceased, we began to gird ourselves for the road again. By his advice, we left the highway, and took a side-path to Dolgelly, passing along the Torrent Walk.

Reader! have you ever seen the Torrent Walk? Probably you have, but possibly you have not; and, if you have not, do not fail to see it. Reader! Though your summer's holiday comprise no more than a visit

to Dolgelly, and one saunter through the Torrent Walk, you will be well repaid.

Imagine a deep, narrow, and leafy gorge; winding rapidly downward from the higher land to near the level of the sea; the stream, which originally formed the glen, and now preserves its wealth of luxuriant green, hurrying, in multitudinous cascades, over successive shelves of rock; so that the air is filled with the music of falling waters, and the eye is, every moment, arrested by some new charm. The sunlight trembles through the leafy canopy that overhangs the glen; and quivers, now on foaming torrent, now on slumbering pool; as if sportively desirous, and yet half afraid, to enter such a scene of dream-like beauty.

Visit the Torrent Walk, reader! and you will wish to visit it again; as we all, I think, intend to do.

SUMMER.

[BY HAWTHORN.]

HAIR, queen of nature,
Bright summer supreme,
With rich-perfumed Zephyrs,
And garments of green,
With light hearts and gladness,
Thy coming we greet,
And cull choicest flowers
To lay at thy feet.

The sweet breath of morning,
The dew on the flower,
The great orb of heaven
Unfolding his power,
The thrush and the skylark
With them join to tell,
That bright summer morning
Awakens the dell.

The heat of the noonday,
The flush on the cheek,
The deep-shaded arbour
With lilacs so meek,
The soft velvet tread
On the smooth grassy lawn,
These trophies, bright summer,
Thy presence adorn.

The mountains with foliage
And heather are crowned,
The cattle in dales
Rich with pasture are found,
And daisy and buttercup
On the green sward,
Await little children
With pleasing reward.

Yes, earth clad in beauty,
The air rich in song,
'Tis thus the blythe summer day
Carols along;
And come, let our summer
Of life be the same—
Shall man by fair nature
Be put to the shame?

No, join us with mountain,
With stream, and with flower,
Make one mighty anthem
In praising God's power.
And when this our summer
Of life shall be done,
'Twill but be the springtime
Of Heaven begun!

ONE FOR HOME RULE.

ON the whole, we think that, in the sharp engagement which occurred last week between the Government and the Home Rulers, the Ministers had considerably the worst of it. We particularly admire the neat letting down that Mr. Sullivan gave Sir M. Hicks Beach, when he said that, being Colonial Secretary, he might be ignorant of geography; but I can tell him that Tiverton is not in Ireland, and the paper that copied the statement was the London *Echo*, and it was an English soldier who wrote it. There are a few English soldiers out in South Africa, but when you wanted a man to lead them you went to Ireland and found Sir Garnet Wolseley. Bravo Sullivan! We exclaim with the late Wackford Squeers, Esq., "You had him there."

COSTUME AND DRAPERS' STANDS (MADE TO ORDER.) **JOHN CHETHAM**, General Wire Worker, REMOVED from 6, LONG MILLGATE, to 29, TIB STREET, MANCHESTER.

A DANGEROUS BIRD.

AN amusing and novel case came before the Birmingham County Court judge the other day, George Matthews, a confectioner, being sued for £5 damages sustained by a child named Walford, in consequence of the defendant keeping a savage and dangerous cock fowl, knowing it to be savage and dangerous. The judge and the solicitors engaged in the case were unable to find any authorities bearing on the case. The evidence showed that the cock flew at the child, knocked her down, and pecked her face very severely, and the surgeon said some of the marks would be permanent. The cock had injured other people, and the defendant's attention had been called to its being dangerous. The judge held that the defendant ought to have kept the fowl tied up when informed that it was dangerous, and gave a verdict for £1 compensation and the surgeon's fee. The Jackdaw being an authority on all matters concerning the winged tribe, begs to assist the learned profession by informing them that the real "caws" was the pec(k)ability of the bird in question.

ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

[FROM THE "REFEREE,"]

WE live in a mealy-mouthed age. We may think what we like, but we mustn't say it. We are allowed to have skeletons in our cupboards and dead bodies in our coal-cellars, but we are to keep them very dark, and make believe to have nothing beneath our roof but that which is nice and lovely and sweet smelling. We are to stand on our front doorstep crowned with roses, and grin so that all the world may note how virtuous and jolly and innocent we are. I speak now of the nation, not of individuals. The nation is at the present moment bowed down with an unpleasant burden; it has what Mr. Mantalini would call a demd damp unpleasant body in the national coal-cellar in the shape of its murdered and barbarously butchered lodger Miss Trade. It knows that Mrs. Britannia engaged a servant, one Miss Tory Government, some years ago to attend to Miss Trade, her lodger, and keep the house in order; that she came with great promises of what she was going to do, how she'd clean up all the mess that the last "gal" left, and make everything so lovely that to pay her her wages would be a pleasure, and to dismiss her an impossibility.

Wicked Tory—bad, deceitful handmaiden, what did you do? You turned the house upside down; you set all the neighbours quarrelling and fighting with your mistress; you called them bad names over the garden wall; you quadrupled the expenses of the house; you cheated and robbed; and at last you deliberately strangled Miss Trade, who had lodged for years in Mrs. Britannia's house, and flung her into the coal-cellar to rot. Now Mrs. Britannia knows all this, and the neighbours know it, and yet we are told to hold our tongue, and pretend everything is quite O.K. We are not to give Tory, the murderess, in charge; we are to keep her on, love her, give her the run of the house, and say she's a perfect treasure. We are to re-paint the outside of the house, and play lively tunes on the piano whenever anyone is about. And as to the coal-cellar—well, we can't see anything there but a few mutton bones—not a murdered body, oh, dear no! It would be wicked and unpatriotic to hint at such a thing. Miss Trade did disappear most mysteriously a year or two ago, but Tory never murdered her. Lor! the bare idea. If she has been made away with, it's that hussy Liberal that was here six or seven years ago—of course it is.

"But, my dear Madam," you say, "Liberal left you years ago, and Miss Trade was seen about long, long after that, well and happy and giggling, and quite a light-hearted young thing. Tory is the guilty party, you may depend upon it." You are frowned down directly. You are called unpatriotic, a rascal, a talker of Billingsgate, a Russian, a Zulu—any bad name that comes first to the lips.

My young friend Mr. Chamberlain knowing of this murder, knowing of all the robberies and deceptions that this vile hussy has practised on her employers, dared the other day to speak of the "Tory Long Firm." The Times shrieked for his blood—went the length almost of using bad language in a leader. The little papers echoed the cry. Such an expression was blasphemy. The man who dared to utter it was unfit to live.

The sickly halo of sentimentality that is flung about Tory's reputation serves its purpose for a time. But the hour of reckoning is at hand. Mr. Policeman Bull, I charge this wench, this Tory, with murder, with robbery, and with swindling. Arrest her, and when the evidence is published we shall see what sort of a sentence she will get next General Election Amicez. Hanging's too good for her.

CHOWBENT.

HOW much wrath might the Jackdaw save to the Scribes (not to think of Pharisees) of this world if he would be sure to carefully look in the month all the gift horses with which he is presented. A fortnight since the Leigh Chronicle came from the Chronicle office to the editor with two large blue pencil marks against a report of a local meeting where a discussion had taken place upon the action of the postal authorities in changing the name of Chowbent for that of Altherton. The interesting part of the proceedings were those in which Mr. Whitehead, quoting, as we understand, from "Whitaker," traced the ancient history of Chowbent to show that these same postal authorities were, perhaps ignorantly, about to commit one of the crimes forbidden in Leviticus, that of blotting out his neighbour's landmark. We used so much of the report thus presented to us from the Chronicle office as we had room for, without acknowledgment, prefacing the matter with a few remarks, and abbreviating the end considerably. The Chronicle thereupon publishes to its readers that we have "pilfered" the report without acknowledgment, either to ourselves or to Mr. Whitehead. Now, our fault consists in using what was given to us by the Chronicle, and, therefore, of using stolen property, according to that authority, so, in order to restore ourselves in the good graces of those at Tyldesley and Chowbent, we beg to offer our acknowledgments to the shade of good old Whitaker, to Mr. Whitehead, the Chronicle, and to the memory of youthful days spent near old Chowbent when many of the facts narrated last week became known to us; lastly, to say that another reason we had in not making mention of the sources from whence we drew our information was our desire to do our utmost in dissuading the postal authorities from making a change so unpalatable to the people, and to all lovers of what is ancient and honourable everywhere. Now, the knowledge that we have drunk at the same fountain as our friend the chronicler will weaken that influence for good otherwise obtained, and there now remains but the hope that such inconvenience and trouble may arise to the postal authorities as did arise twenty years ago, when Lord Stanley of Alderley, then Postmaster-General, attempted to blot out the name of Alderley Edge, and substitute that of Chorley, Cheshire. Lord Palmerston snuffed that little candle out, and there has been no light in Chorley, Cheshire, since. In the elegant language of our friend the Chronicle, Lord Palmerston must have "pilfered" the wick.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

THE Golden Wedding at Berlin is one of those events which are wonderfully scarce in the historic pages which write of crowned heads and their doings. But in reading the Times account of the festivities we come to the following details:—"Every building had its bunting, and high over all, on tower and stately pile and palace, waved the Prussian eagle and the standard of the Empire. The green and yellow banner too of Saxe-Weimar in honour of the Empress was often found festooned with the emblems of her consort's greatness, while here and there in the principal streets rows of streamers and pennons were stretched from side to side inscribed with mottoes, texts, and ardent wishes for the happiness of the Imperial pair. The flags of certain other nations were also given to the breeze. The ramping lions of England were not to be seen above the princely residence of Lord Odo Russell in the Wilhelmstrasse, but the banner of Austria-Hungary waved beside the Brandenburger Thor, and opposite the gay tricolour of the Republic floated gracefully over the French Embassy. The stars and stripes fluttered over the Legation of the Great Republic of the West; and St. Andrew's Cross on a white ground, here and there, told of honour done to the distinguished guests from the banks of the Neva." In the name of peace with honour what does this signify? Is Lord Odo Russell acting under the orders of his superiors at home in keeping the honour-giving symbol farled on such an auspicious occasion, or is he, like Sir Bartle Frere, striking out a line of policy of his own, and keeping up the "prestige" of this country by deliberately insulting the greatest power in Europe? Would it not be better to finish our little affair in South Africa before seeking out a fresh foe-man? We appeal to Beaconsfield.

THE READING BOY.—Old Trotty had a Board School boy to read to him; but complained sorely that the boy "got on well enough when it was plain-sailing, but skipped all the big words." "Clever boy," responded his friend. "Like a careful skipper, he looks out for jaw-breakers ahead."

JACKDAW
85, MARKET STREET, 85.

**KENNETH'S
PRESENTS**
FOR

Weddings, Birthdays,
ETC., ETC.



TOWN HALL CARILLONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

At 3, 6, 9, and 12 o'clock.

Friday,	June 20.—To All You Ladies.
Saturday,	" 21.—God Save the Queen.
Sunday,	" 22.—Easter Hymn.
Monday,	" 23.—March of the Men of Harlech.
Tuesday,	" 24.—Harmonious Blacksmith.
Wednesday,	" 25.—The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls.
Thursday,	" 26.—The Minstrel Boy.

CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.—*The Gommoch; or, the Fairy Finder.* Mr. and Mrs. Hubert O'Brady.
Prince's Theatre.—*The Crisis.* Wyndham Company.
" Monday.—*Truth.* The Criterion Comedy.
Queen's Theatre.—*The Scuttled Ship.* Rose Leclercq.
Alexandra Hall.—Variety Entertainment. Sam Torr.
Gaiety.—Variety Entertainment. Pat Feeney.
" Monday.—*The White Eyed Musical Kafir.*
People's Concert Hall.—Variety Entertainment. Albert de Vov.
Keith's Circus.—Tannaker's New Japanese Troupe.
Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens. Fireworks.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

OCCASIONALLY, very sensible things appear in the *Manchester Courier*, generally, however, in the columns devoted to correspondents. Referring to the operations of the Coffee Tavern Company, a writer, who signs himself "One Interested," raises a very proper question. He naturally remarks that as the business is mostly conducted in the basement of each building, and as there is, as a general rule, a large amount of available space in the upper stories, this should be utilised by converting it into bedrooms, which might be let to respectable warehousemen and clerks at a moderate rental. No doubt there are difficulties in the way, but the idea seems to be feasible and we hope the company will give it favourable consideration.

A *Reading* genius in the *Stockport Advertiser* informs us that the scholars of the Wesleyan Sunday School had a trip on the M. S. & L. line to Monsal Dale. We have hitherto been under the impression that Monsal Dale was on the Midland system, but we bow to the superior judgment of "Our Reddish Correspondent."

The *Advertiser's* apprentice at Didsbury is not quite so bad. According to his testimony the teachers and scholars of the Church School had a trip to Matlock on Whit-Thursdays, but instead of reaching there at the time they expected they arrived at "a much later period." We should think that after all his prophecies and periods, the *Advertiser* would be inclined to give their young man a full stop. In studying a dictionary his leisure hours would not be entirely wasted.

We have just discovered that our *Stockport* contemporary is not the only funny paper in existence. It must, at least, divide the distinction with

the *Newcastle Daily Journal*. At a banquet on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of an Industrial School the reporter for the *N. D. J.* seems to have got into a fog. This may account for the concluding sentence of his report: "'The Ladies' and 'the Press' were afterwards drunk." What are our friends in John Dalton Street doing? It is evident that the *Alliance News* is badly wanted at Newcastle.

By the way, it is said the next move of the Natal army is to be towards Conference Hill. Let us hope that there is something in a name in that case, and that old Lady Chelmsford will get some good counsel there.

THE cads at Oxford on Wednesday displayed their usual taste and sense by cheering the name of Lord Beaconsfield, and hooting that of Mr. Gladstone; whilst much laughter was excited by a call for three cheers for the babes in the wood—Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Chelmsford. Surely, consistency would have added to those names that of the Premier, their chief.

HOWEVER, the Duke of Cambridge must be still worse, for the Premier has at length superseded Chelmsford, but the Duke is said to be still violently opposed to the change. This fact will prove his royal extraction from the Georges who lost America.

IT is certain that there are black sheep in every flock, religious or otherwise, but the Establishment should, at least, make a desperate effort to be immaculate. The judge of the County Court at Bedford must assuredly have wept when, the other day, he was, according to the letter of the law, compelled to *again* commit the Rev. J. T. Day, Rector of Bletsoe, to the common gaol for thirty days on account of a small debt owing to his baker. The Apostle Paul was once in prison, but he was not put there because he bamboozled his tradesmen.

THE cabmen at Ryde, Isle of Wight, have "struck" against a sensible rule which the owners desired to enforce. Lancashire cads who do the grand at that delightful spot are informed that they can't *ride* there at present. However, they can patronise Blackpool and Southport. On the sands at either place they will find plenty of donkeys. *Birds of a feather flock together.*

At a meeting of the Conway Town Council it was announced that the Gas Company had resolved to sell their undertaking to the town.

As harp-shaped Conway has gone in for gas,
It's hard to say what measure next they'll pass;
The *Jackdaw* will the mayor's name enroll,
If from the bridge he'll take the penny toll.

THE Prince of Wales has reviewed the Norfolk Artillery Militia at Great Yarmouth. Considering the inducements held out to go on the spree on such an occasion, we are glad to state that there were *no folk erring*.

THE shipbuilding returns for 1878 issued by the Board of Trade show with the distinctness of figures what has long been apparent in half empty yards and diminished establishments. The Clyde builders, who have turned out 60 per cent of the steam tonnage of the country, are suffering more than those of any other district; indeed, their output has been gradually diminishing from 1874, when it reached a maximum of nearly six millions sterling, to last year, when it was probably under three. On the other hand the production of the East Coast builders has latterly been proportionally greater, the falling off in the Clyde being most striking. The Board of Trade's statistics for 1878 are as follows: East Coast steamers, 299,646 tons; sailing ships, 24,122; total, 323,768. Clyde steamers, 131,443; sailing ships, 56,678; total, 188,121. The total for the United Kingdom is, steamers, 491,515; sailing ships, 145,787; grand total, 637,302 tons.

It is somewhat strange that in spite of the heavy importations from America, fresh meat continues to maintain an enormous price. The supply from Texas has recently been something to wonder at. If Texas is not a land overflowing with milk and honey, it certainly is not short of beef. There is only too much reason to believe that farming in England is comparatively played out. Naturally, English agriculturists are turning their attention to America. On matters in which they are interested, we have no doubt that Mr. E. G. Kendall, 107, Market Street, will be only too happy to supply them with reliable information.

"ARISTOCRATIC INCOMPETENCE."

IN these words Sir Henry Havelock expresses the opinion he holds of the causes of the South African disasters. It is a tremendous impeachment, and the known facts of the case abundantly prove it. It is very much to be feared we do not know half the worst. The battle of Isandwhlana was first announced to have cost 400 or 480 British troops, now the number is admitted to be double that quantity, and including native troops in the English service to reach the frightful total of 1,600 men. The Government, in the face of these facts, tardily, and still with internal divisions, consent to send out a man who shall have the power, if he chooses to assume it, of superseding the commander at the Cape, or, if he chooses, of causing that commander to carry out orders issued by himself which shall crush the enemy, and in the popular mind do something to restore the fame of Lord Chelmsford as a General. But the exact character of the instructions given to Sir Garnet Wolseley are still unknown, though frequently inquired about in the Commons. The most timid of Ministers—Sir Stafford Northcote,—has at length said that he will not tell what orders have been given to the out-going General. The smallest acquaintance with the conduct of delicate affairs will testify to the added difficulties arising from the knowledge of the precise instructions under which a man is acting. But then it must always be remembered that the gentlemen who so persistently question the Government know full well what is the inconvenience of a declaration being made of them, and still press for news, simply because they cannot trust the Government for having those peaceful desires shared by the general public, but strongly suspect the contrary and more dreadful office of annihilator has been given to Wolseley. If this should prove true, a stronger reason for the abolition of purchase in the army could not be conceived. These instructions would be the direct outcome of a mind exasperated by defeat—such defeat arising from incompetence alone. It is no way remarkable that such incompetence should be found in the direction of affairs in an old country like England. The result is attained by the most natural of all human means. It is not within the capacity of our race that man can revel in the lap of luxury, and remain the sturdy and powerful genius who shall rule the minds of other men with a magic wand, evolve order from chaos, and snatch victory from the jaws of disaster. Genius has her womb in the earth. Few men of genius have been known whose extraction was far removed from the plough, or whose early life had not been passed in the hard school of struggles or poverty. Such is not the history of many of the men whom historians class as great men. They, for the most part, have merely held great appointments, and like "Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, have stopped a hole to keep the wind away."

That your aristocrat should have the least capacity, and the greatest ambition at the same time, is also natural, for pride largely depends on wealth, and honour on power. Such is the apology for Lord Chelmsford. He has merely done as the dictates of his mind prompted him. Equally so have his family and friends. It is nothing unnatural that they should scheme and supplicate to get the foremost appointment for him which the Government had to give. We all—peer as well as peasant—try to push on our children. We should also neglect our duty to them. If we allow any adventitious accident of birth to blind us, the fault is our own. The peer does no wrong in seeking popular favour, the people do wrong in unworthily preferring pomp to power—great name in place of good sense. And it is equally natural that the Government, having the fact before them that Chelmsford was of the proper blue blood, should, therefore, have appointed him. The whole fault is in the law which does not make such a pass well-nigh impossible. No common soldier here—be he never so clever—has above a ghost of a chance of rising beyond a non-commissioned officer. It is well known that if any man does so rise, "then are his days full of sorrow and trouble to him." By the rules of the service he is not allowed to associate with the rank and file, and his new-made acquaintance give him the cold shoulder—politely, it is true, but nevertheless really. His pay, unsupported by private means, is too little to enable him to lead the fast life of the officers; and though the Duke of Cambridge, after the scandal in the 11th Hussars, at Windsor, under the very shadow of royalty, issued instructions tending to reduce the expenditure of officers to the amount of their pay, he did not succeed, and the present Government have made matters worse by undoing the action of the late Government in the abolition of purchase. These are well known and perfectly indisputable facts. They are the only basis upon which aristocratic position in the army and navy could be maintained, and we can only blame ourselves for not sending men to Parliament instructed

how to vote. Take the case of Sheffield. Principally an operative constituency, they rejected Mr. Hadfield, a thorough reformer, in 1874, to elect Mr. J. A. Roebuck—a thoroughly incomprehensible politician, and not in any sense a reformer. The operatives of Sheffield have in that vote re-affirmed all the abuses in the Church and in the State. If any such operative complains that his brother or son was sent to certain death by a foolish commander at the Cape, the answer is that he must not grumble, it is the natural outcome of the arrangements for which he has given his votes. Sir Henry Havelock calls this aristocratic incompetence, and he is right; but it is the national weakness of love of the aristocracy of wealth that has made him so, and the remedy is in our own hands, by preferring ability to family, and providing against the errors natural to all men when placed in a false position.

GENTLEMEN AMATEURS.

WE are glad to find that at last some attempt is being made to stop the humbug which occurs in connection with Amateur Athletic Sports. When these were originated the object was to encourage muscular development amongst the young men of the neighbourhood, and to provide a yearly recreation to those who were desirous of seeing the prowess of the boys they loved. But we have changed all that—and for the worse. What was at first an innocent amusement has degenerated into a very naughty and nauseous business. Instead of the loving son speaking around the household fire to the delight of his father, mother, and sisters, how he had been careful of his health, and was almost sure to win the first prize in the flat race, he repairs to some "public" where, with his mate, he disenses over a steaming glass and reeking pipe the odds which may be taken on forthcoming events, and whether the handicapper can be "nicely squared." Matters have come to such a pass that it is indeed difficult to draw a line between amateur and professional athletes, as a man may be an amateur one day, and a full-blown professional the next, whilst the arenas of amateur athletic gatherings are become the scenes of some of the most disgraceful gambling that ever shamed English ground. Handicappers quietly "plant" a man for a handicap, and then as quietly put their own money on him for the event. Heats are made up and "squared" by the members themselves, who club their money together, and back one of their number, who is generally a "wrong one" for the public. "Gentlemen amateurs" walk about with the conventional short stick in their hands, trained and kept by large bookmakers; the same "gentlemen amateurs" receive their orders from their "masters" at the last moment, when to "try" and when to "pull," and for that species of trickery, which on a professional arena has been so often by the press designated "public robbery," the "amateur" athletic gatherings have become so very noted that the professional element has paled before it, and the former professionals are now but "amateurs" in their own trade, when placed in juxtaposition with their more "gentlemanly" congeners. If anyone wished to be convinced of the fact as to how far "gentlemen amateurs" would carry their duplicity in public, they might have really enjoyed themselves on Saturday last at the Altrincham sports, where two of those gentlemen aforesaid, having each backed the other for the mile bicycle race, made such an exhibition of their ability to try at losing that any ordinary pedestrian would have walked the mile with ease and beaten both performers hollow. Of course, both men were promptly disqualified, but, despite the disqualification, both came out and ran in the final heat in defiance of rules. Would such an exhibition have been tolerated for one instant amongst professionals? We say no. It is only amongst "gentlemen amateurs" that such things exist. We do not mean to include all in our sweeping assertion, but we do say that sufficient discernment is not exercised by the different committees of athletic gatherings to separate the sheep from the goats. We are glad to see that the Newark Amateur Athletic Sports Committee have taken up the question of "amateur" and "professional" in earnest, and we hope to hear of a speedy and general reformation.

THE medical evidence, on the body found at No. 4, Euston Square, deposed upon oath that the deceased had a lateral curvature of the spine and a forward curvature of the spine. Mr. Hacker, also on his oath, says—"My sister Matilda Hacker had no curvature of the spine whatever. I am quite sure of that." That blessed institution, the coroner's jury, decided upon the above evidence that the body found at No. 4, Euston Square, was that of Matilda Hacker. *Verb. sap.*

COLLEGIATE CHURCH, MANCHESTER.

DIM, through the sculptured aisles the sunbeam falls
More like a dream
Of some imagined beam,
Than actual daylight over mortal walls.

A strain of music like the rushing wind,
But deep and sweet
As when the waters meet,
In one mysterious harmony combined.

So swells the mighty organ, rich and full,
As if it were the soul
Which raised the glorious whole,
Of that fair building vast and wonderful.

Doth not the spirit feel its influence?
All vain and feverish care,
All thoughts that worldly are,
Strife, tumult, mirth, and fear are vanished hence.

The world is put aside, within the heart
Those hopes arise
Thrice sacred mysteries,
In which our earthly nature has no part.

Oh, Christian Fane! the soul expands in thee,
Thine altar and thy tomb
Speak of the hope and doom,
Which leads and cheers man to eternity.—*Old Poem.*

STAGE LITERATURE.

IN the May number of *The Theatre*, Mr. Byron thus tells us about the uncertainty attendant on dramatic literature:—"Occasionally we see a piece which has apparently every element of attraction, which is welcomed on the first night, praised by the press, and applauded by the public, die out of the programme in a few weeks, and we are at a loss to account for it. Presently, looking at said programme, we discover the reason. The piece is played at a quarter-past seven, and the major portion of the audience commence dinner about the time it concludes. Again the *pièce de résistance* catches the late diners capitally, but keeps the remainder of the audience too late. Probably a striking 'effect' comes towards the close, and is exhibited to a coat-donning and wrap-collecting crowd afraid of missing their omnibus or last train. In many provincial towns this is remarkable. In Manchester, for instance, after a certain hour the concentrated dramatic talent of the age would not keep the mass of the audience in their places. Another mistake conducive to failure is the injudicious over-crowding of the cheaper portions of the theatre. There is no greater unkindness to the *habitués* of the gallery—by no means the least generous or appreciative amongst the audience—than to permit them to pour in indiscriminately until they are packed like sardines. Uneasy, overheated, and in awkward corners, half stifled and unable to see 'what's going on,' a dozen or so malcontents can destroy the comfort of the entire audience, annoy the actors, and without malice preposse sometimes destroy, or at all events peril, the safety of a worthy play. Very long 'waits' between the acts have, before now, utterly destroyed all chances of a piece, and it is an undoubted though inexplicable fact that, if one absurd mistake or *mal-à-propos* accident in 'business' or dialogue happens to occur early in the play on its first performance, others are certain to follow. The experience of every habitual playgoer will confirm this statement, and numerous instances will, no doubt, arise to the recollection of the reader. An unfortunate incident or a speech in bad taste at the conclusion of a play, up to the point in question a decided success, has often turned, as if by magic, the friendly feeling of the hitherto pleased audience to one of great annoyance or disgust, and at once ruins the play. A clever play by the late Mr. Chorley (I think) called *Duchess Eleanor*, with Miss Cushman in the principal part—and how magnificently she played it!—was booted just before its conclusion, and was only repeated one night. At the touch of the assassin, a corpse was supposed to bleed afresh, but this was too horrible for the audience and damned the drama. It will be in the memory of many that *The Octoroon*, on its production at the Adelphi, was a veritable triumph until the painful business with the lovers in the last act. The audience hissed furiously, and Mr. Boucicault wrote to the papers complaining of political feeling regarding 'North' and 'South.' The audience didn't care twopence about 'North' or 'South,' they hissed because they didn't like to see a girl take poison from her lover. Shortly after the clever author

finished the play differently with the happiest results. Sometimes even egregious errors may be wiped away with the stroke of the pen, and generally if a play possesses the true elements of popularity first night mistakes are forgotten and success follows. *But not always.* There is an old saying that has with some people passed into a truism, that a piece which pleases the actors is very likely if not certain to fail with the public. A long experience teaches me that this is altogether absurd. There are no better judges of a play than actors. But what you have to do is to get at their judgment—a judgment unworped by personal considerations, a purely unselfish opinion. Unfortunately the calling of the actor is essentially a selfish one—everyone wishes (naturally) to be the 'cock salmon,' as the late William Farren described himself, and an actor who has a bad part thinks less of the piece than he who has a good one. But so far from a favourable opinion on the part of the artists engaged being inimical to the chances of a play's success, common sense will suggest to everybody that a company in a good temper and believing in the material they have to work upon must throw themselves more heartily into their work and consequently help to the desired result than a troupe dissatisfied and disappointed. As to the power of the press to make or mar a play I hold it of little consequence. When a failure is bound to be one all the praise in the world will do no good, and on the other hand no abuse can kill a piece which hits the fancy of the multitude. **BUT**—when a plan is metaphorically going down the hill a kick from the critics will settle it for ever, whilst a clever piece trembling in the balance may owe nearly all its ultimate success to the kindly encouragement of the press."

MR. CHARLES CALVERT.

THE recent lamented death of Mr. Charles Calvert will cause many memories and reminiscences to be revived in Manchester which have long lain dormant. We wish for one memorable tribute to be placed upon fresh record—that of our estimable Bishop of Manchester—who said—"As long as human nature was what it was, it would require recreation; and he was only too delighted to find that they, in connection with that industrial and provident society, were combining various opportunities of recreation, of which he should be glad to be able to know the young people of the town were availing themselves. Some time ago he got himself into a great scrape with a number of people, when he attended a meeting in furtherance of the early closing movement, at which, Mr. Charles Calvert being engaged at that time in placing upon the stage of the Prince's Theatre the plays of *Richard III.*, and subsequently *Henry V.*, he ventured to speak a word in favour of the theatre. In witnessing the plays he had mentioned, people were not seeing indecent ballets, coarse vaudevilles, or French dramas turned into English with indecent and immoral illusions, but the great historical dramas of one of our greatest poets."

TRAM AND TRAIN TALK.

1ST LADY (to Surly Gent). Oh, I do wish you would be so good as to look about in the straw for the two front teeth I've just had knocked out in the struggle.

SURLY GENT. Pooh, madam! Your teeth, indeed! Probably they were false ones; and anyhow, what are your teeth compared with the eye I have lost? Who's going to look for your confounded teeth with a single eye!

POLITE PERSONAGE (to 1st Lady). I assure you, madam, that I should be most happy to help you, but my leg is fractured at the ankle, and I am obliged to keep it in one position till I can conveniently obtain medical assistance.

2ND LADY. Medical assistance? Why, my brother here is a surgeon, and—

THE BROTHER. You forget, Emily, that I am at present engaged in strapping your head up; and that after that I shall have to attend to my own bleeding nose.

POLITE PERSONAGE. Don't let me interrupt you, pray. Perhaps you'll be willing to accept the loan of my latchkey for your nose. Drop it down your back, you know.

CONDUCTOR (putting his head in at the door, and stopping conversation). Pay here, please, ladies and gentlemen. Them as is too much injured to put their 'ands in their pockets will oblige by saying so, an' I shall be happy to do it for 'em—rather!

DROWNING IN THE IRWELL.

WILL anybody make a collection to enable the Salford Corporation to put hoarding about the street ends abutting the Irwell in Lower Broughton? Three children have been drowned this year whilst the Salford officers are finding out who is to pay for about £20 worth of timber to put the hoardings up. A boy, 13 years of age, is this week the victim, and a woman near her confinement, who believed the child to be one of hers, has become lunatic with the shock, and has not yet been restored to sensibility. Poor woman; she was mistaken, but the loss is now anguishing another heart.

STRETFORD GAS BILLS.

STRETFORD is making history fast. Having arrived at the first position as pudding makers, they now bid fare to excel as gas consumers. But, judging from the result of a meeting of the inhabitants held a few days ago, they have a strong objection to the company charging them for gas consumption at the present excessively high rates, coupled with extraordinarily high registers of the meters. There is something very strange about this Stretford gas besides its luminous quality. The people have only had the usual hours of consumption, but the gas bills have been rising every quarter for eighteen months. But we must in fairness say that when one of the inhabitants grows obstinate, and will not pay the increased price, the company take the lesser figure. Now how can the people grumble at that. The times of Joshua have come round again, and every man does what is well pleasing in his own eyes. But what of the gas company? They charge 4s. 2d. per 1000 feet. Manchester charges 3s. 2d. Happy Stretford! the gas must be better, the price is so high. Mr. Norbury Williams had, unfortunately, much sickness in his house during December quarter, and the generous gas company only charged him 14s. 2d. But in the March quarter all were well, so the company charged him £1. 3s. 4d., because he did not burn so much as in December. This unreasonable man got his meter tested by the gas company's officer, and it was pronounced 25 per cent slow. Mr. Williams then got a Manchester official to test the meter, and he found it 11 per cent fast. The peaceful character of this Stretford Gas Company may be understood when we say that they even paid a drawback to Mr. Williams of 11 per cent. Now, this gentleman calls that caving in—we think it is "shelling out"—and still he is not happy. The Stretford Gas Company are said to work under an Act of Parliament with a proviso declaring they shall not charge for service pipes, excepting for lengths beyond the first fifteen feet from the mains. We do not know as to the truth of this assertion, but many people blurted out, in the most spasmodic manner, that the company had charged them for the whole of their service pipes, though none were said to be above fifteen feet long. Mr. Williams said that since his case had become known, far more extraordinary cases had been detailed to him in letters. Ultimately a committee was appointed to wait upon the directors and explain their grievances—in other words, to try the effect of an explosion of gas upon the directors. We beg to suggest that the deputation debit the company with fifteen feet of service pipe for every man in the deputation. That will be tit for tat.

THE NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.

FROM the annual report of the National Lifeboat Institution, we learn that there are now stationed round our coasts, under the management of this praiseworthy society, 268 lifeboats, ten of which have been added during the past year; and to their crews is due the rescue of 471 persons and 17 vessels in 1877-78. Besides these services of the lifeboat crews, which number in all about 12,000 persons, 145 persons have been, during the year, rescued from a watery grave by fishing boats and other means. And besides silver medals and votes of thanks inscribed on vellum, the society has expended £2,750 in money rewards. It is a pity that, under these circumstances, its income should have been allowed to fall short of its expenditure to nearly £3,000. During last year the loss of life by drowning in the merchant service alone, was at the rate of one for every 87,503 persons employed, a percentage much too high, nearly seven times the number of those who perished by accident in collieries, and three times the number of railway employes whose lives were cut short in the same manner.

THE DARIEN CANAL.

THE Darien canal project has recently entered upon a new phase, a congress of scientific and practical men having met in Paris to discuss seven distinct plans for creating a waterway between the Atlantic and Pacific, where the two continents of New World meet. The cheapest and easiest of them is sufficient to tax severely the mechanical and financial resources of the age; but should the undertaking succeed the gain to the commerce of the world will be enormous. The dangerous passage of the Horn will be avoided and the route from the Channel to San Francisco shortened by three thousand leagues, the time for sailing vessels being reduced from sixty to about thirty days. The new ship canal cut through the narrow neck of land separating the port of Amsterdam from the North Sea has given wonderful facilities to the trade of that important emporium; and that those facilities are fully appreciated by the mercantile population is evidenced by the free use that has already been made of it, which will doubtless be greatly increased when it has been deepened as is proposed. A more difficult feat of engineering was the formation of a navigable channel at the mouth of the Mississippi, which is now open for ships drawing not more than twenty-three feet up to New Orleans, while a depth of thirty-three feet is expected to be ultimately attained. M. Roudaire's proposal to let the waters of the Mediterranean into an extensive depression of the Sahara in Algeria, and the similar scheme of Mr. Mackenzie to turn those of the Atlantic into the same desert farther south and throw Central Africa open to navigation and commerce, making a seaport of Timbuctoo, are possibly practical, but are at present in abeyance; while General Fremont, the Governor of Arizona, is in the field with a similar proposal to admit the waters of the Gulf of California into an ancient sea basin, and create a navigable inland sea two hundred miles long, fifty miles broad, and three hundred feet deep. Other schemes of the same kind have been broached, but the Panama business is quite enough for the present.

STRATAGEM.

"THE light is low,
The shade also,
No one nigh to fear;
Just one sweet kiss,
You'll grant me this,
Will you not, my dear?"
"What do you mean?
I've never seen
Such rudeness before;
You're scarcely known;
Leave me alone—
Speak to me no more."
"Raise no alarm,
I meant no harm;
Don't you leave your seat;
I'll go and kiss
Another miss
With lips far more sweet."
"Ralph, is it right
That I to-night
A kiss should allow?
We're not engaged—
Don't be sprag—
Gracious, take it now!"

THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.

THE naval fight at Iquique is suggestive of the story of the Kilkeny cats. The engagement appears, from the meagre reports received, to have been of a very hot sort, and there is no little difficulty in determining the victor, for three vessels are reported to have sunk. The stem of the Peruvian frigate "Independencia" was expressly constructed for ramming, and although this was not the case with the "Covadonga" and "Esmeralda," the Chilean ships, the result of the engagement points to the conclusion that these vessels were effectively used as rams. As the Chilean craft were mere cruisers, whereas the "Independencia," a much larger vessel, was expressly built as a man-of-war, and plated with 4½ inches of iron, further details are awaited by naval authorities with something like anxiety. If two ordinary cruisers were enabled to remove a formidable man-of-war, it will cause no little uneasiness as to the possible fate of some of our ironclads under similar circumstances.

MANCHESTER AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL.

QUITE distinct from the well-known form of Irish drama which has so often been attractive in Manchester, *The Gommoch; or the Fairy Finder*, presents us Irish life in a new, and still as original a phase. The plot of the drama is a very clever one, and its workings are skilfully elaborated by its author, Mr. Hubert O'Grady, who will be well remembered in this city for his great success some time ago in the character of "Conn" in *The Shaughraun*. In the part of "Larry" in the present drama, he is equally good and entertaining, and Mrs. O'Grady, as the heroine, is also an admirable piece of representation. They are well supported by the company, and the scenery and other appliances leave nothing to be desired.

PRINCE'S THEATRE.

Last week the death of Mrs. Howard Paul had caused a hiatus in the company then performing at this theatre, and this week we may say that the death and funeral of Mr. Charles Calvert, who was so long and so honourably connected with the Prince's, has cast a gloom over the theatrical world. Peace to his manes! *The Crisis*, so different to *The Two Roses* and *The Pink Dominoes*, is such an artistically refined play, so free from that underlying stratum of questionable morality, that it is really a pleasure to chronicle the advent of such an innovation in the modern school of comedy-drama. It is a piece of the most beautiful and delicate sensibility and pathos. The exquisite pictures of filial love and devotion, and maternal care and solicitude, are well and powerfully drawn, and are also well and carefully played. Decidedly *The Crisis* ought to be one of the greatest successes of modern drama.

THE GAIETY.

THE appearance of Pat Feeney at any music hall is quite sufficient in itself to ensure a crowded house, and his style in delivering his own peculiar songs is amply deserving of the reception he gets. Miss Nelly McEvoy (the Solid Girl) is also an acquisition which carries weight with the *habitués* of the Manchester entertainments. Messrs. Connors and Kelly, whose extremely funny entertainment has been very popular, are leaving us this week end. A host of other talent here includes the clever Lamonts, whose drawing-room performance is greatly relished; Mr. Farquharson, pianist and baritone; Desmonti, a very expert juggler and horizontal bar performer; Harry Baldwin, buffo; Mosedale, Robert Green, and a bevy of lady talent. Miss Hetty Towers (the Charity Girl), Miss Violet Melrose, Miss Nelly Lewis, and the juvenile Sapho, whose singing and dancing exhibits great promise of future excellence. A metropolitan celebrity—The White-eyed Musical Kafir—is on the bill for next week.

THE ALEXANDRA HALL.

A great Manchester favourite has returned to this hall in the person of Mr. Sam Torr, who is nightly received with shouts of applause. Mr. Will Lorenzo's comic business and great balancing feats are as good as ever, and as highly appreciated, and the Mardini troupe of ballet dancers is also a great attraction. The merry antics of Messrs. Gilbert and Collins, the negro delineators, are very enjoyable. Mr. Barney Regan is a very entertaining Irish vocalist and comedian, and Messrs. Watton and Leighton, comic duettists, fill up the list of male performers. Two lady artistes, in Miss Flora Macdonald and Miss Marie Britton, are greatly in favour with the audience, and the programme is never suffered to flag for an instant. Indeed, the marked improvement in the attendance at this establishment shows the success of Mr. Booth's efforts to cater for public amusement and the appreciation of those efforts by the outside world.

PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL.

A popular troupe of minstrels, the Lennett Troupe, are nightly delighting the frequenters here with funny burlesques and comic dances and entertainments. Mr. Albert de Voy, who takes a benefit this evening, is in capital voice, and Mr. Tom Robson and Mr. Harry Wilson are very successful in their topical and other songs. Miss Walrose is a very good character vocalist. Messrs. Rezene and Robini are good business as acrobatic clowns, and Messrs. Bradley and Trueman are not only acceptable dialogue artistes, but their broadsword combats are worthy of the days of Mr. Vincent Crummies.

JAPANESE TROUPE.

Tannaker's troupe have lost none of their popularity, but still continue to "draw" at the Circus, in Quay Street. Their performance cannot well be surpassed, and we should advise all who have not seen this wonderful entertainment to pay a visit to Tannaker's Japanese.

WHO SHALL BE LIGHTEST?

IRISHMAN: Faix, in ould Ireland, we've got *men of Cork*.

SCOTCHMAN: Ah, mon, that's naething. In Scotland there's *men o' Ayr*.

ENGLISHMAN: But if you will go down to London, on the Thames you'll find scores of *lighter men* still.

AMERICAN NOTES.

DON'T neglect your penmanship. A man in New York got 64,000 dollars from a banker for being a good writer. It is not yet known how many years he will get.

A traveller arrived at Chicago at night, and found the place so full that he could not get a lodging anywhere. He lay down in a comfortable spot and slept soundly; on waking up he found he was in the cellar. A house had been built over him in the night—such is the fastness of life in that quarter.

"My deceased grandfather, sir, was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the St. Lawrence, and the boat sank. My grandfather was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above water for once, took off his hat, and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went."

VOLUNTEER NOTES.

FIFTY-SIXTH L. (SALFORD) R.V.—Class shooting at Clifton Moss, on Saturday next, at 2-30. Officer for range duty, Captain Crummaek; Register keepers, Col.-Sergeant Heydon, Sergeants Linley, Weir, Macdonald, and Hannaway.

Special Drills, under Captain and Adjutant W. H. Weston, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings until the inspection, on the racecourse, at 7-30 prompt.

Class firing at Clifton Moss, on Monday and Friday evenings. Members desirous of attending must notify the same at headquarters before twelve o'clock on the same day.

A SOAR TASK.—Ballooning.

THE MOST UNPLEASANT SECTION OF SURGICAL SCIENCE.—*Vivi*-section.

"GERMANS TO THE MATTER."—The Queen's English. Well, not altogether; Her Majesty is at least partly of German descent.

THEATRICAL CONUNDRUM.—What is the first instance upon record of a free admission to the theatre? That of Joseph, whose brethren put him in the pit for nothing.

NOTICE TO READERS.

Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagents, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. The Editor does not engage to return MS. unless a stamped envelope be enclosed, nor will he be responsible for their loss, as our waste-paper basket is a large one, and is consigned to the P.D. several times *per diem*. Neither can we undertake to pay for contributions unless by special arrangement.

"B." Junior Reform Club.—Thanks; your article in our next.

"J. M. H."—Your joke about brick and mortar-fied is rather too execrating. It has made us feel bilious.

"Questor."—Write to W. E. A. Axon, Esq., Barton-on-Irwell.

"J. X."—No. An *alley gaiter* is not an aquatic animal.

"N. V."—We do not mean to insert any more poems about the golden wreath.

"F. R. S."—Mr. C. Rowley is not the Astronomer Royal.

"X. L."—Your article is well written, as far as penmanship goes, but we have read it before in *Robinson Crusoe*.

"Novel."—Your story of "The Midnight Marauders, or the Bloodthirsty Bandit," is not suitable to our columns. Try the *Weekly Budget*.

"Alpha," and "C. D."—See answer to "N. V."

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